

## clipped

ever think – “does he laugh?”  
bet he is, still. talk of the cloud  
chuckle who was worthy  
of that delivery, to hear that call  
stirred us to war, bellowed  
equal as easy that it lulled  
to the sleep of the just...  
plain bored.

we never thought  
“could he be schizophrenic?”  
violent mood swings  
like night, day, inferno, eternity  
only humans ever make him angry  
'til taking pride in  
proclamation.

remember  
in time ephemeral, we left  
with empty gaze? puckered lips  
invited, but we declined  
a smile corresponding  
to tasting sweet. death's infinite  
wisdom had whispered, a recital  
a chided child's prayer that  
heard the reply

“out?”  
the echo that fans  
our flames of hell.

oh, the wings?  
solely for decoration  
the only way to fly or fall, truly  
is to be drunk on love  
yours, or someone else's  
losing step, willing, you waver  
come of age in the waking, or  
a wake in the aging world.

only been drunk once.  
it precipitated this profoundly  
sobering effect on me, likewise  
sent some dizzy angels spinning  
racing in dead heat, wrapping  
our heads 'round idle worship  
the price of unbridled adulation  
(yours, or someone else's)

the lesson:  
even heaven knows change.